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# The Tales of Loki

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## Chapter 1 by dragonsofyore

[Note, this is going by mythology not movies]

Who am I? I'm a God who is very much like fire, pretty to look at, but if you get to close, you might get burned. Wonder if that's why I'm the god of fiery mischief. The name's Loki by the way, not Utgarda-Loki mind you. So you've listened to the tales of the Aesir, don't pay any attention to how they portray me. I am really not as evil as they say I am. If you will listen, I will tell you my side of the stories.

## Chapter 2 by R



[as any good story should, my friend]

The Aesir never liked me. I was a fool to ever think that they could accept a halfbreed such as myself. Even using my mother's name, an Aesir name, nothing could detract from the fact my father was Jotun. They claim to be sympathetic, Asgard. They claim to be understanding.

They're just like the rest of the realms, no higher.

You've heard the tales when I stood on their side, with Thor and with Odin, protecting Asgard and the Aesir, mostly from myself. As long as I was useful, they liked me.

They cast me out, you understand. Not for any crime I did, for none of the crimes I did had any longlasting punishment, for always was I the quick one who could present gifts to soothe even

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No, I was cast out and cursed and banished for my children, the children who I loved and who loved me.

The children of mine who would come with Ragnarok and bring the Aesir to their knees.

### Chapter 3 by dragonsofyore



Ah, Ragnarok, the time when I will have my revenge, and finally be free.

### Chapter 4 by R



#### \*Louis Punishment\*

((I assume you mean Loki...))

I had never been one for revenge.

They thought I was bitter, and I wasn't. I just wanted to live. What else does anyone want?

But Fenrir was bound, and Hela cursed. My darling daughters had shed my name, though blame them I do not, and my sons, oh my sons, I still cry at the tragedy of Nari and Vali. My children, so turned and reviled. That would lead anyone to turn from Asgard.

And then, an eternity bound and tortured, watching my dearest Sigyn trying so desperately to save me and failing so horribly. I watched every wince in her face and I tried to hide my pain, watched as she grew tired and old. Oh, my darling Sigyn, you deserved so much more than this.

I never hated Asgard, or the Aesir. That would have been simple and simple I never was. No, but how I relished how their end would come, how I would gain my freedom from this cursed realm and join my daughter as she lay in deepest Niflheim. Watch the world fall apart. Watch as the Aesir tried and failed and died.

Oh, how sweet that would taste.

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Chapter 3 by dragonsofyore

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I could just watch, just sit back and watch. I could just sit back and watch the world burn. Asgard. In flames.

## Chapter 6 by R



I wouldn't of course, because watching had never been my role. No, I always dragged in to the center spot light.

The ship, well, that wasn't my idea. Neither was the outfit, if you really want to know, not that it matters in the end. They wanted a herald, of their end times, and I suppose that would always fall to me.

It always did.

They all die, of course, my friends, my foes, those who are both, and neither. My children fight my blood-sworn brothers, my brothers bloodborn kill those children who used to follow me through the streets, listening to my tales. The world drowns, in blood, and darkness, and the world burns, it's fires alight.

You know who slays me? It is Heimdall, every time. He who has that cursed sight, as if Vanir, as if he knows. I don't, know, not ever, until I'm driven to truth by a cycle of pain and poisoned highs. I do not have a realization until I reach my lowest, him not until he is highest.

It's a laughably funny thing, remembering your own murder. It's a shame, only learning right before the end, unable to have any beautifully ironic preemptive damages against him. It would be art, I suppose, even if no one ever realized.

Here's the thing you need to understand; we're all tragedies, in the end, each person who dares to claim the rank of god. I was cursed, between worlds, and got that realization sooner than most, and I suppose that's why my eyes open before the others' do.

It doesn't matter, we all die, and in the end, while everything changes, we are all born again.

It's a bitter tragedy, mythology, the ranks of gods. So what if I bring the end, then? So what if it is

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Maybe I suppose I might be able to do that  
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## Chapter 7 by R



You want to hear the tale of Loki? You want to hear my story?

Once, however long ago, there was a child.

Who this child was born to, that is up to debate. There's the issue, with cyclical fate, for while everything stays the same it changes as well, marked different by the existence of free will.

I say that the mother was Laufey, the father Farbauti, but parentage is easily interchangeable. The name itself is fluid, so origin can be too. The thing is, however it came to be, the child was not entirely of the Jotun's, nor entirely of the Vanir or the Aesir or any other creed.

Regardless, the child is accepted amongst the Aesir, as if brother to their head, and is beloved. Even when they push the limit, cross lines meant to not even be toed, forgiveness was always given.

That is, with usefulness and gifts. The Aesir always had their folly.

I don't know if that child is me, all of the time. Do I kill this innocent and replace a child beloved with myself, endbringer? Perhaps. Or maybe the child dies a little on their own, or maybe this is the issue with understanding your own reincarnation and wondering what has been done.

I could choose to not be the herald. I could choose to sit Ragnarok out - would Heimdall come for me, to kill an onlooker? Would those I lead turn against me instead? The problem with cycles is that there are so many what ifs. What if I could save the world. What if I could break the cycle.

The tale of Loki is a tale of many what ifs, howforths, questioning of reality. I could speak of what good I have done, where others have failed. I could speak of what wonders I have led to, how I have saved the Aesir and the world so many times over. I could speak of love, or hate, or so many questions.

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They will always betray you

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But that isn't the story part. The story part is that they want good and evil. They want the gods and the heroes and the demons. They want the simple heroes

the things that reality doesn't fit in.

I will never be a hero, but this is not a world of heroes, in the end. Heroes, their stories end. They die. My story continues.

It will always continue.

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